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than to substitute, upon a first visit to Florence, this volume, so *amply* and charmingly illustrated, for the usual Baedeker. It contains two good maps and an excellently prepared historical chart. A sentence in a *Synthetical Guide-book* circulated in the hotels of Florence expresses, so Mr. Lucas tells us, what he would like to say of Florence better than he could hope to express it. "The natural kindness, the high spirit, of the Florentine people, the wonderful masterpieces of art created by her great men, who in every age have stood in the front of art and science, rivalize with the gentle smile of her splendid sky to render Florence one of the finest towns of beautiful Italy." These words written by a Florentine and "inspired," as he says, by patriotic feeling, are perfectly true according to E. V. Lucas, and his own book is written to fortify their truth and lead others to test it.

So the wanderer begins in the City of the Miracle, and goes about among buildings and paintings, giving us glimpses of past days and grand pageants, terrors, murders, treacheries, old loves, and cloistered virtues.

The book is a guide-book in the form of literature, and does not disdain to add charm and humor to taste and learning.

The illustrations by Morley in color are exceedingly lovely, and the photographic reproductions are wisely chosen and not too hackneyed.

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THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Why, when something is both true and useful, should it not be delightful as well? Like the earlier works on Gothic Architecture in France and Renaissance Architecture in general, this book is gravely hurt by a few crotchets of the author. All that he says is true and valuable, and undisputed. The careful discussions of stone structure, the profiles of moldings, the study stone by stone of great English work, is all important and calls for gratitude that it will never get. Mr. Moore cannot bring himself to admit that anything is Gothic except the absolute perfection of the type, and then he cannot forgive everything else for not being equally perfect. He fairly scolds at what he calls Anglo-Saxon architecture, and he cannot keep away from what he disapproves. In this volume he analyzes very carefully from the structural side most important parts of Canterbury and Lincoln, and compares and dismisses more briefly a number of other great churches. The upshot is that English builders never reached the pure strain-and-thrust type that Amiens stands for. They always built their walls solid enough to carry their vaults—and then let them carry them, serenely suppressing the vaulting-shaft between the great pier and the springing of the arch, sometimes—they built, that is, with mass and not with force. Well—why, after all, should they not? They made thereby something different from French Gothic and nearly as pleasant to sit in. The Gothic of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, most of Spain, and all of France except the Royal Domain, lies open to the same objection. Why make an objection of it? Why, because Raphael painted fair hair, insist that only fair-haired figures shall be named Madonnas? But Mr. Moore cannot leave the question alone. Finally he comes to a brief chapter on timber roofs, and a new grievance crops up. The king-post, it seems, should dangle from the apex and swing, the

tie-beam should be bolted to that to hold it up. But English builders preferred either to hold it down, by letting the king-post push and not pull, or to suppress it altogether, like the vaulting shafts mentioned above. The roofs are still firm, but they are all wrong.

On the other hand, the concluding chapter is very admirable, in which he praises with discrimination and defines with exactitude the Early-English style—it is lucid and yet scholarly; it is thorough and yet not dull, and it had not been done before. The drawings are pleasant, with a personal, appreciative quality in the line; the half-tone plates are distinct and very well chosen and taken; the diagrams are plain, though they are not picturesque. Professor Simpson can make a diagram picturesque, and the late G. E. Street when he made a plan of a church made a thing of stately beauty. But it is barely possible that his life as a bit of an artist and a working architect tended more to grace and geniality than most professions. And precisely because of its real seriousness and worth is this objection filed against this book—because it will be so useful, and it is, after all, so good.

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THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Sir GILBERT PARKER. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1913.

Fundamentally, romance with a meaning makes the same sort of claim as realism—that sheer truth of detail which asks us to regard it as always significant in itself. Mainly, the difference seems to be that romance, like a sentimentalist, is given to pretending a greater depth of meaning, of character, than it really has; while realism, cynic fashion, tends to disclaim any standards of character, and therefore any ulterior meaning, at all. This is a difference of temperament, and differences of temperament are seldom so clearly defined as we imagine. We sometimes catch the “tough-minded” philosopher sentimentalizing, and the “tender-minded” poet has his moments of being as sternly actual as anybody. Into the realistic story creeps the romantic point of view, while the avowed romance-writer is occasionally found making the assumption that the portrayal of the thing exactly as it appears is an end in itself. We are disposed, therefore, to scrutinize very carefully the professedly realistic story, in order that we may be sure that its claim not to be romantically misleading is well founded; and the romance that obviously aims at being more than merely glamorous we weigh somewhat suspiciously to see whether it really has that worth and validity which sincere realism, even at its muddiest, is usually felt to possess.

It is undoubtedly as romance with a meaning that we must consider *The Judgment House*, by Sir Gilbert Parker, his first novel since *The Weavers*. Indeed, except for a certain bigness of effect, a certain largeness of view, we might feel, after reading a dozen pages, that we were dealing with romance in quite an ordinary sense. We are at Covent Garden, where an unknown and unheralded singer of poetically suggestive name—Al'mah—is making her triumphant début in “Manassa.” At the end of the first row of stalls sits “a fair, slim, graciously attired man of about thirty.” He strokes his golden mustache and surveys the house with a smile of satisfaction “which in a less handsome man would have been almost a leer.” This is Adrian Fellowes, and of course we distrust